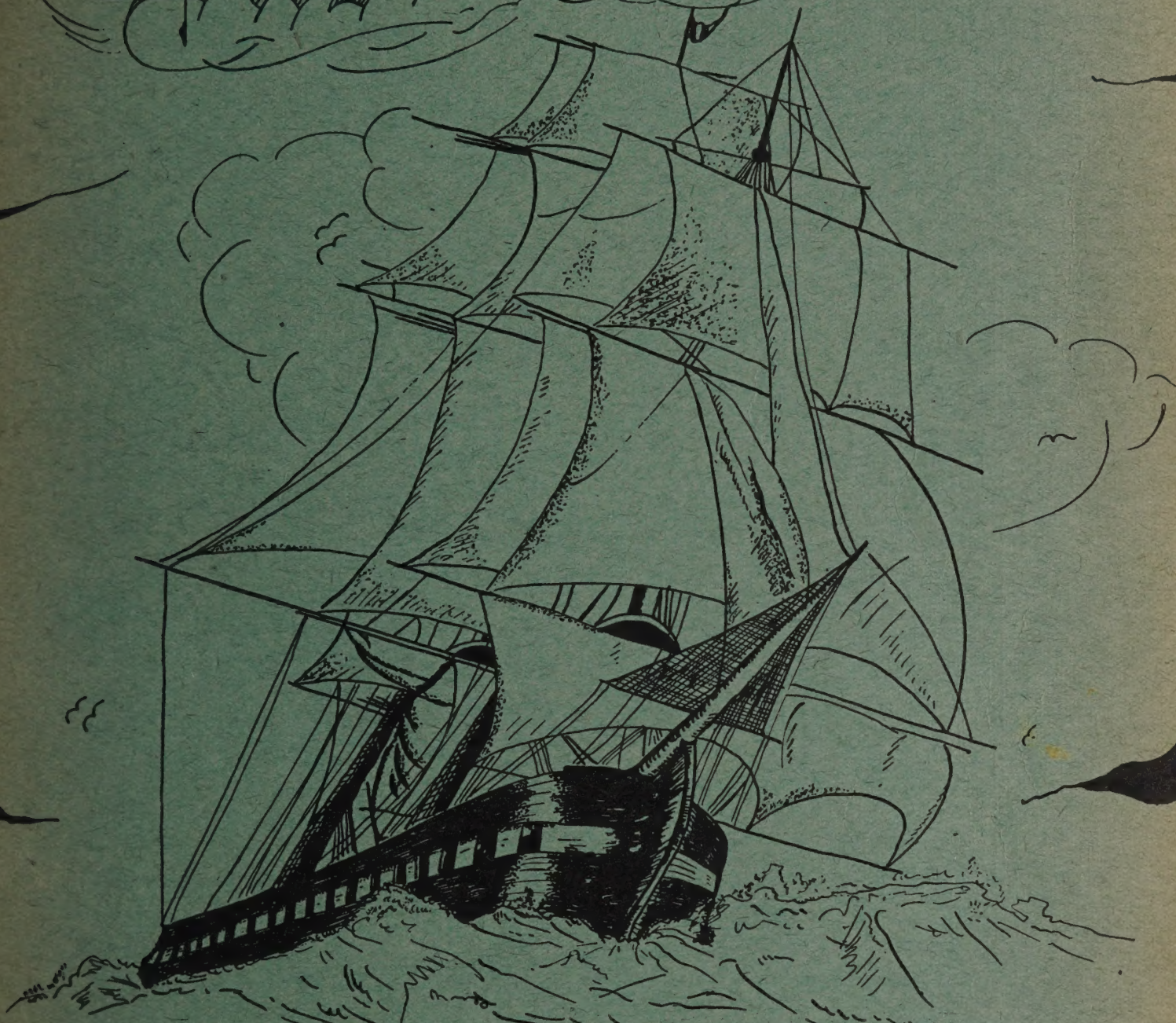


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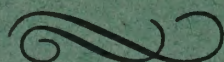
"and give her to the god of storms
the lightning and the gale!"

Register

J. H. Stevenson '45

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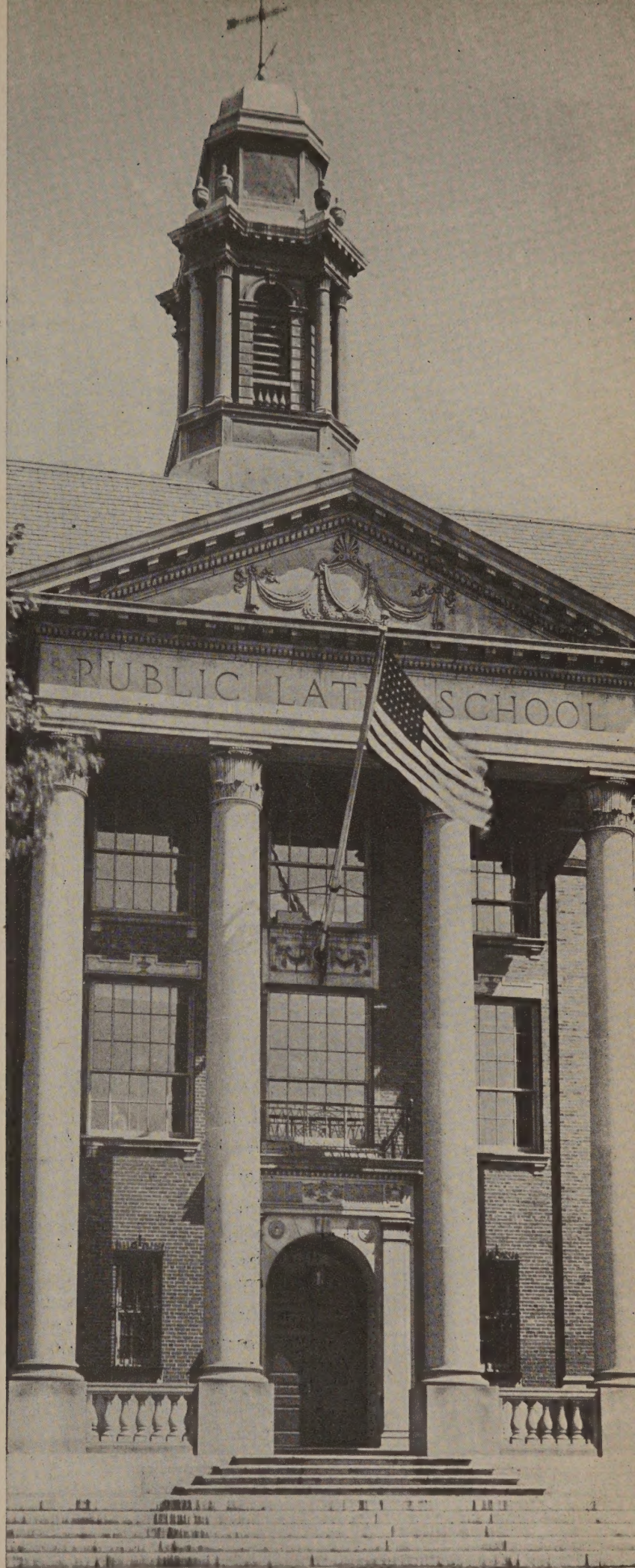
Vol. LXIV

March, 1945

No. 4

PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY, AUGUST
AND SEPTEMBER BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL, AVENUE
LOUIS PASTEUR, BOSTON, MASS.

TERMS: One dollar twenty-five cents per year; by mail
one dollar and fifty cents. Entered as second class
matter October 12, 1898 at the Post Office at Boston,
Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Advertising
rates on application. Contributions solicited from
undergraduates. All contributions must be plainly,
neatly, and correctly written, on one side of the paper
only. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard
to the needs of the paper and the merits of the
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The WOODEN Ham

J. E. ZAICZYK

Two German officers marched briskly along the deserted streets, hands on pistol butts, ready for target practice on any citizen who disregarded the Amsterdam eight o'clock curfew. Haarlem Street was dark and deserted, as only a street can be when its people are cowering in the darkness of their rooms under the Nazi yoke.

The faint glow of a single street lamp sent dim reflections against the tape-sealed windows of a small butcher shop. Oberleutnant Carl Vanderlan caught a glimpse of something in the dirty window that stopped him in his tracks. He turned and stared at the chunks of rich red meat beyond the glass. In the center of the display a huge, juicy ham held the dim spotlight of the street lamp.

"Ho," he said in a brisk, hunger-sharpened voice, "what have we here?"

His companion followed him to the window, and the two stared with wet lips at the well-cured masterpiece.

"You also are hungry?" Oberleutnant Vanderlan turned to his friend, the tone of his voice obviously suggesting that they do something about it without further delay. Sergeant Anton Sayfared—short, stout, and a great eater—turned to the Oberleutnant with a grin on his sweating face.

"It looks fine," he said. "Fortunately I lived in Holland before you came.

Have you ever heard of the wooden hams of The Hague?"

Vanderlan's chin dropped. He scowled angrily.

"You mean it is of wood, this beautiful pig shank?"

Anton Sayfared nodded.

"A great injustice to us both," he admitted. "But I'm afraid that in all Holland our generous Fuehrer has left no such luscious tidbits for a prize."

"But — but of wood," the Oberleutnant objected. "The Dutch scum who tease our palates in this manner should be shot."

Sergeant Sayfared continued to smile.

"It is at our Fuehrer's orders that such ersatz ham exists," he said. "In The Hague, long before the war, poor people put such hams on their tables to improve the atmosphere. Our government has suggested that butcher shops supply not only the wooden hams, but steaks so rare they would seem to melt in the mouth. A silly thing, yes; but it makes these Dutchmen happy to see and to remember what they used to have before we took their meat for our own families at home."

Oberleutnant Vanderlan was obviously displeased. He hated to leave with no more than the thought of such food in his mouth. If the Fuehrer approved of such a farce, so be it. He clicked

his heels smartly and turned away from the display.

"We are already late for our appointment." His voice was sharpened by anger and the gnawing hunger in his stomach. "We must hurry."

The Nazi officers stepped away smartly down the street, and the lone street lamp continued to glow on the breath-taking, ersatz ham.

Behind the little butcher shop on Haarlem Street, Papa Jan Karr sat in his chair, his gray old head leaning forward on bony hands. The hands, white and covered with little blue veins, clutched tightly around the top of a stout cane. His eyes were closed, and he was listening. Jeanne Karr, the old man's daughter, was reading quietly from a crumpled letter, her shoeless feet pressed close to the small coal-burner. Her two children, Peter and Rosana, cuddled tightly under the single sheet

on the bed, drawing warmth from each other's frail bodies.

Jeanne Karr's voice was low and warm, and the three of them listened closely as she read by the light of a weak-burning candle.

"... and I shall be home soon. The Germans treat us well. I work each day in the gun factory turning out more cannon for the great German army to use ..."

With a sob she dropped the paper to her knees. Papa Karr looked up and frowned.

"They make him write that way," he said kindly. "You needn't worry about your Johann. He will come home safe when it is over."

The girl continued to sob. Peter—his skinny, eight-year-old body quivering with pent-up emotion — climbed from the bed and went across the room to put his small head on her lap.

"Don't cry, Mommy. The bad Nazis



will go away some day."

Jeanne stopped crying quickly and put her hand over the little boy's lips.

"Hush, child; you mustn't talk like that."

At the front of the shop, some one knocked sharply on the door. Papa Karr leaned forward, his eyes growing suddenly hard.

"They have come again."

Jeanne said, "No—no!" in a strained small voice. The little girl, Rosana, started to cry in a whimpering monotone.

"Mama Jeanne; please, I'm hungry, Mama Jeanne."

The knock sounded again, more insistent than before. Jeanne stood up and went quickly through the curtain that separated the room from the shop. The old man called to her sharply, warning her to come back. Jeanne, hardly more than a child herself, went slowly toward the door.

A stranger stood outside. He wasn't in uniform. She went closer to the door, trying to see his face. The man might be a Jew. He was dressed in a ragged, dark cloak that hung to his anklets. His face was kindly, and in the lamplight she could see him smile softly to her. She put one hand on the bolt, wanting to let in a friend and dreading that he might be another Nazi playing some filthy trick to gain entrance.

"You may open the door," she could hear him faintly through the door. "I mean no harm."

There was something in the warmth of his eyes, the kindly, pale face framed by the shoulder-length hair and the heavy brown beard. She drew the door open silently, and he stepped into the darkness of the shop. Jeanne drew the bolt tight once more.

"You want food?" she asked.

The stranger was ragged and lonely-looking, and yet there was something in his face that made her feel warm and

safe when she stood near him.

"You have food to sell?" he asked.

The voice was soft and yet filled with a confidence that she had not heard for a long time.

"A little," she said hesitatingly. "We get few provisions now, but for our friends who are starving there is always an ox-tail or a bit of liver."

The man walked past her slowly and drew the curtain to the entrance of the inner room. He stepped inside. Papa Karr struggled to his feet and leaned heavily on his cane.

"Welcome to our home, such as it is."

"Papa!" Jeanne said quickly. "The stranger does not wish to hear of our misfortunes."

"But I hear of all misfortunes," the man said. He walked toward the children. Although they usually fled before those they did not know, both Peter and Rosana stepped forward and accepted his hand. "Your family is hungry," the man said. "Have you not eaten tonight?"

Jeanne gazed at the floor.

"We have only two pounds of liver in the ice chest," she confessed. "When it is gone, there will be no more. The children have had all the meat since last week."

"And you can get no more?"

Her temper flared. She faced him with hard, glittering eyes.

"How would you expect us to? The Nazi dogs take all our food. Surely you live near here. You must know."

At once she was sorry she had lost her temper. There were so many worries, so many heart-breaks. He did not seem to resent the hard words.

"I am sorry," he said. "Yes, I know that you suffer, especially the little children."

"And, how, sir, can we prevent it?" Papa Karr demanded. "I have searched every stall in the city. I have stolen . . ."

"I know what you are forced to do,"

the stranger said. "Believe me, those who starve you must destroy themselves so that forever after the war, men will be free."

"Who are you, who can evade the Nazi gunmen who enforce the curfew?" Papa Karr demanded. "Who can walk freely in the streets when no man is allowed abroad?"

The man backed slowly toward the door. In the candlelight his beard glinted red, and his face seemed paler than ever.

"Let us say that I am the man who came for the wooden ham," he said quietly. "Guard your window well; for tonight you are rich in food, and tomorrow the children of Amsterdam will eat."

He passed beyond the curtain, and it fell, hiding him from the little group in the cold room. Jeanne stepped after him quickly. If she had hurt his feelings, there was yet the two pounds of liver. He could have a bit of it.

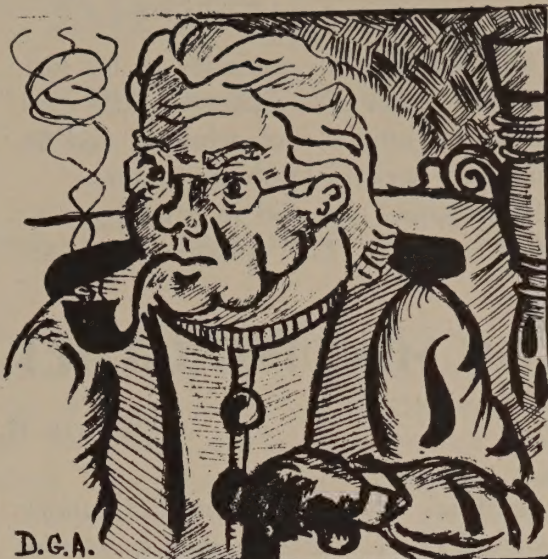
She went into the shop with her key, meaning to give him meat and let him out through the door. Her eyes widened with fright as they swept around the miserable room. The man had vanished. He could not get through the door, for it was locked and she held the key in her small cold hand.

She returned to the room where her family waited. Papa Karr was seated in his chair, rocking back and forth gently, propelled by the cane. His eyes were staring straight ahead as though into some far-off strange land. The children, still excited by the visit, sat close together on the bed.

"For tomorrow the children of Amsterdam will eat." Papa Karr's thin lips moved slowly, pronouncing the words with a reverence that Jeanne had never heard.

Peter came toward her slowly, his tiny hand folding around her finger.

"Mommy," he said in an excited



whisper. "There was a white light around that man's head."

"Praise the Saints!" Papa Karr sprang to his feet. He stood there quivering in every limb, steadying himself on the long, tough cane. "The child is right! I saw it, too! Jeanne, daughter, fetch the wooden ham."

Jeanne stared at him as though he had suddenly gone mad. Then a strange new light shone in her eyes. She turned and ran eagerly into the shop. The three of them heard her little gasp, that the glad cry that came from her lips. She came back quickly. In her arms, held tightly like a newborn child, was a huge, well-smoked ham.

It was not of wood.

She put it carefully into Papa Karr's lap and stood before him, tears streaming from her eyes.

"You must help me, all of you." Her voice was eager and filled with awe. "All the other wooden meat has turned to real meat. Quickly before the German patrols see us."

Oberleutnant Vanderlan was returning from the S.S. meeting. Still with him, Sergeant Sayfared paused once more before the butcher shop on Haarlem Street and called to his superior officer, who had already passed several feet beyond the window.

"Carl, come here quickly. I have discovered a good joke."

Angered by this reminder of his lost ham, the senior officer paused. His eyes caught the empty shop window, and he sauntered back to his friend's side.

"It is gone," he said in a mildly surprised voice. "The wooden ham, all

the ersatz meat is gone."

Sayfared chuckled.

"It is a good joke, yes? These Dutchmen are getting so hungry now that they eat wood. Wait until our Fuehrer learns of this! Tomorrow, probably, all the children of Amsterdam will be chewing on that cleverly painted ham."

ON MINDING OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

MELVIN H. SAXE, '45

Cardinal Morton, Chancellor under Henry VII of England, had a scheme by which he extorted large sums of money from people. If a man were lavish in his spending and living, Morton would say, "This man is so rich that he is able to give a generous gift to the King." If a man were economical in his living, the Cardinal would say, "This man is so frugal in his living that he must save much money. He must be able to give a gift to the King." Thus rich and poor alike were caught on the prong of "Morton's Fork."

Persons taking an interest in the affairs of others will also be caught upon one prong or another of a similar "fork." If they exhibit interest in the affairs of their friends, they run the risk of being marked as well-meaning, but officious meddlers. If they do not wish to seem prying, and as a result cut their inquiries down to a minimum, they might be branded as "stand-offish."

If there is a sick person in the house, the friends feel that it is "no more than right" to call and inquire about the condition of the sick person. Yet, if they do call in sufficient numbers, the ringing of the telephone and the buzzing of the doorbell become a nuisance to both patient and those attending him. If they do not call, then "what sort of friends are they anyhow?" If they realize how disturbing well-meant calls can

be and consequently wait until after the illness has passed, then they are said to be lukewarm in their friendship and that they inquired "when they felt like it."

A service man returning home from overseas wishes nothing more than a good rest for his first few days home. He wants a chance to look around the old home town, and gradually get used to it again. Does he usually get it? No. It is likely that he finds a crowd of friends saying, "It's-great-to-see-you-home, Joe. Tell-us-all-about-what-happened-to-you." If they do not gather to see their hero, they might seem to have hardly missed him.

If you wish to avoid being gored by the horns of this dilemma, you might select a dry cave and try your luck as a hermit. However, if you do not feel "reclusistically" inclined, you'll just have to go on being one extreme or the other.

.

Two seniors in Room 301.

Moe: I was growing a beard like yours once, and when I saw how I looked, I cut it off.

Al: Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I saw that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard.

AMERICA and THE AMERICAN FLAG

"She does not ask you to die for her welfare; she asks you to live for her good."—American Creed.

America—our country—our home.

America born and raised in the blood and the sweat and the tears of our sires.

Today, after many successes and failures, another group of cruel and oppressive dictators seek to destroy all that she stands for, to destroy the Four Freedoms, to undermine the brotherhood of the country, the brotherhood of Negro, Oriental, and Occidental, of Jew, Protestant, Catholic to destroy "decadent" democracy. But they have failed. They have failed to destroy the Four Freedoms; rather they have made us realize how necessary they are to our way of life. They have failed to destroy the brotherhood of man; for the George Washington Browns, the Sun Lees, the Joe Joneses, the Abe Cohens, and the Mike O'Briens are living, fighting, and dying for the same things on the same battlefields; and their blood mingles.

"And the Star Spangled Banner in Triumph shall wave!
O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."—Francis Scott Key.

What is the Star Spangled Banner?

A piece of cloth dyed red, white, and blue. Yes; that is part of the answer, but that is not all. To me each star, each stripe has its significance. Let's take the Stars first, 48 white Stars on a blue field, 48 States in a great democracy—forty-eight States in a United Nation. Each Star multiplied by 1,000 equals 48,000; 48,000 graves in a cemetery in the blue hills of North Africa; 48,000 boys lying in the blue waters of the Mediterranean; 48,000 Americans lying oblivious to all on a blue atoll in the blue Pacific, the ocean they are fighting to make Pacific. Forty-eight thousand times four equals 192,000; 192,000 new, white stars twinkling in a blue heaven.

Thirteen alternate red and white stripes represent thirteen states that made up the original republic, which grew into 48 states with a population of 130,000,000 — 130,000,000 Americans united more solidly than were the original 13 colonies and fighting as hard, if not harder, to preserve and maintain what they fought and died to establish: "the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The blood of those boys fighting in the snow by the Rhine is as red as the blood of their forefathers, who fought in the snow by the River Delaware. It's the same blood that flowed in 1776, 1812, 1863, 1898, 1918, that's flowing today in far-flung outposts which, to our ancestors, were perhaps unknown. But the courage is no different from that of the Americans who preceded them. It is the same good old Yank "blood and guts" that is preserving this country as the land where a man may think and act "according to the dictates of his own conscience."

This is a land where men make the supreme sacrifice so that "government of the people, by the people, for the people will not perish from the earth."

SOMETHING NEW

The executive board of the *Register* has decided to introduce a new idea to the student body. This plan will work two ways: you get credit for your ideas; our school receives credit for an excellent publication.

We all know that many of our country's best cartoonists have "gag men" working for them. These men manufacture jokes which the cartoonist puts on paper. This year we are fortunate enough to have a good art staff. However, we need ideas for jokes: everyday experiences in and about school, things which made you and your friends laugh.

What to do? Think up a half dozen jokes, write them neatly on one side of a piece of paper, and head them "Register Cartoons." Make sure your name is indicated for credit. Put the paper in the folder marked "Submitted Material" in Room 235.

Some time before the next deadline, the suggestions will be handed to our cartoonists, who will select the best and illustrate them. Both your name and the cartoonist's will appear on the finished product. That's all there is to it. Let's go!

COMPARISON OF TODAY and YESTERDAY

C. G. VERNICK, '46

YESTERYEAR

1903: Students returning to Warren Avenue are greeted by \$30,000 worth of repairs. The walls are dark green and the plumbing is very modern.

1908 Census:

34 Sullivans	28 Cohens
13 Murphys	13 Kelleys
13 Millers	12 Ryans
11 Levines	10 Donovans

0 Joneses

Mr. Gardner has been teaching at B.L.S. for 22 years, Mr. French for 20 years.

1910: The passing mark is raised from a glorious forty-five to fifty.

1918: The *Register* prints a page of jokes, and twenty-five years later Bob Hope tells one of them on his program.

The School Committee has bought a beautiful piece of land (formerly a dump) on Avenue Louis Pasteur for the site of Boston Public Latin School.

1928: Yahoo!!! 269 unsuspecting Sixth Classmen have been taken away to the S. J. Baker School.

1934: Three rooms can hardly hold our large Class I.

TODAY

Don't you think it's about time it was changed, English?

Census:

27 Sullivans	15 Cohens
10 Murphys	15 Kelleys
7 Millers	3 Ryans
6 Levines	6 Donovans

4 Joneses

Mr. Gardner—37 years.

Mr. French—35 years.

Ain't stopped yet, have they?

Register still printing same jokes, but "Bob" Hope has some new ones.

I ain't got nothing to say except that the same situation still exists.

Now that was a good idea!!

Grown since, hasn't it?

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CHARACTER

MELVIN H. WOLF, '46

"My subject is ants. Ants is of two kinds, insects and lady-uncles. Sometimes they live in holes, and sometimes they crawl into the sugar bowl, and sometimes they live with their married sisters. That is all I know about ants."

The foregoing is a transcript of the first literary effort by the renowned and respected Giovanni Pzmjkhx (pronounced as spelled). He was, at the time, a pupil in the Rollendflugelheimer School for Exceptional (*sic!*) Children. Because he was still a child of eighteen, his composition on ants was considered remarkable. However, it was not until he was fully matured that his genius was appreciated.

I am sure that by this time you are eager to know more about this Giovanni Pzmjkhx. My modesty is not so great that I deny his relationship to the writer. Yes, he was my cousin twice removed (but he came home on parole both times). However, I do not want to get ahead of my story.

Immediately after graduation from the Rolendflugelheimer School for Exceptional Children he got a job writing epitaphs for a cemetery. Always generous, he permitted me to publish a few examples of his art:

- (1) Shed a tear for Lucy Beal;
She lies in sweet repose.
She took her hand from the steering wheel
To powder her shiny nose.
- (2) Beneath this slab,
John Brown is stowed;
He watched the ads,
And not the road.
- (3) Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea;
But you could break for forty years
And not be as broke as me.

Naturally enough, this work depressed him. Soon he was offered a po-

sition in a thriving boiler-factory. Contented while doing this work, for about a year he led an uneventful if strenuous life. All good things come to an end, but this terminated in sudden death. One day a brief but decisive conversation took place between Giovanni and a very dear friend:

Giovanni: "I developed my muscles working in a boiler-factory."

Friend: "Yes, what do you boil?"

The next day (after a sleepless night) he sent his resignation to the factory and enlisted in the army. (This event, of course, took place before the present war.) Soon after he was sworn in, he was taking one of many army examinations, and he was asked, "What causes a depression?" Giovanni, in an exceptionally jolly mood, answered: "Heaven knows; I don't. Merry Christmas." When the paper was returned, Giovanni read the answer the examiner wrote over it—"Heaven gets 100; you get zero. Happy New Year."



SEEN COMING FROM
PHYS - ED.

Some time after this incident, Giovanni was sent to a school for cooks. When he first reported, an officer, to find out how much Giovanni knew, asked him why the water in one of the pots was boiling around the edges and not in the middle. Giovanni thought a while, and then said: "Maybe the water around the edges is for the breakfast of the men on guard duty who eat earlier than the other men." The officer, rather than argue with Giovanni, calmly beat his own head against a neighboring wall.

During his spare time, which was little, Giovanni amused himself by writing conundrums and the like. One example will suffice: *Question*: "What's the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?" *Answer*: "Noah's Ark was made of wood, and Joan of Arc was maid of Orleans." (Giovanni offered

profuse apologies for that one.)

You may wonder how I gathered all this information about Giovanni Pzmjkhkx. Well, I'll tell you. A few months ago, about ten days before his death, I paid Giovanni a visit at his little room in West Roxbury, where he was spending the last years of his life to get away from civilization. I cannot erase from my mind the picture of his little room or the pale face of Giovanni. He was proud (without cause, no doubt) of his room; and when I entered, he asked: "What do you think of my room, as a whole?" Well, as a hole, it was a masterpiece, but as a room —

It was in this very room that Giovanni breathed his last.

This ended the eventful life of Giovanni Pzmjkhkx. He was mourned by thousands of his followers.

THE RIDGE IS OURS

J. S. HOWALT

The wind was blowing; the night was cold and dark. Jack slowly wormed his way up the side of the rocky cliff—his muscles straining, his eyes peering into the darkness. Silently, he moved forward. There, up on the summit, was a band of Nazi soldiers. They had been harassing the American advance for days, where on this advantageous ridge they controlled their artillery fire on the troops in the valley.

He felt alone, although he knew that many other Marines were there with him. He was almost up, and no alarm had been given. All was going with precision.

Suddenly, he heard the deep guttural yelling of Nazi sentries. The attack was on. For a moment he thought of home—that little town nestled in the hills of Massachusetts. He thought

of Dad and Mother. He smiled grimly.

His hands caressed his rifle; his trigger-finger twitched. There, before him in the darkness, he heard the sharp staccato of the Garands. The attack was on.

He reached the top. He ran ahead. A searchlight gleamed for only a moment, but he saw his objective — the radio station. He swerved to the left. So far, so good. His heart was beating rapidly. Although the night was icy cold, beads of sweat were dropping from his forehead. There ahead in the dark someone was running toward him. Friend or foe?

He heard the click of a rifle. It wasn't an American-make. A Nazi! Evidently he had been discovered. About ten feet away he saw the flash

bayonet poised for the kill. Then he felt a sting in his right arm. He charged, bayonet poised for the kill. Then he stumbled.

He felt the Boche on his chest. Every muscle strained. He tossed over. A knife stuck him in the shoulder. He was unarmed. The German had a knife of some sort. He grabbed the others waist and twisted. The powerful opponent savagely clung to his lethal weapon. Deep guttural oath broke loose. The Nazi fist came thundering down on his head. Mustering all his strength, he brought his knees up at the other's back, and his fingers closed on his wind-pipe. Losing his balance, the Nazi fell over on the icy ground. The knife lay out of reach. He tried to remember the things that he had learned in his basic training at Parris Island. His mind was blank. He attacked. Neither was armed.

It would be a battle of skill and strength: all that the Nazi had been taught from childhood in German training camps against all that he had learned playing football and boxing. He loosed a right hook at the Nazi's jaw. Then he darted back. Forward he came again, and, with a good old Evansville High tackle, he hit the "Heinie" in the pit of the stomach. Over they both went. The knife was under them now. Simultaneously they both grabbed. Jack had his hand there first, but he could do nothing, for the rough hand of his opponent was right there over his. This time Jack was on top, though. Unexpectedly, he let the knife go and hit the Nazi with all his might in the face. He could feel the cartilage in the bridge of his nose give and felt the lumbering carcass of the treacherous "Aryan" go limp. Quickly he jumped up; picking up his rifle, he ran forward again.

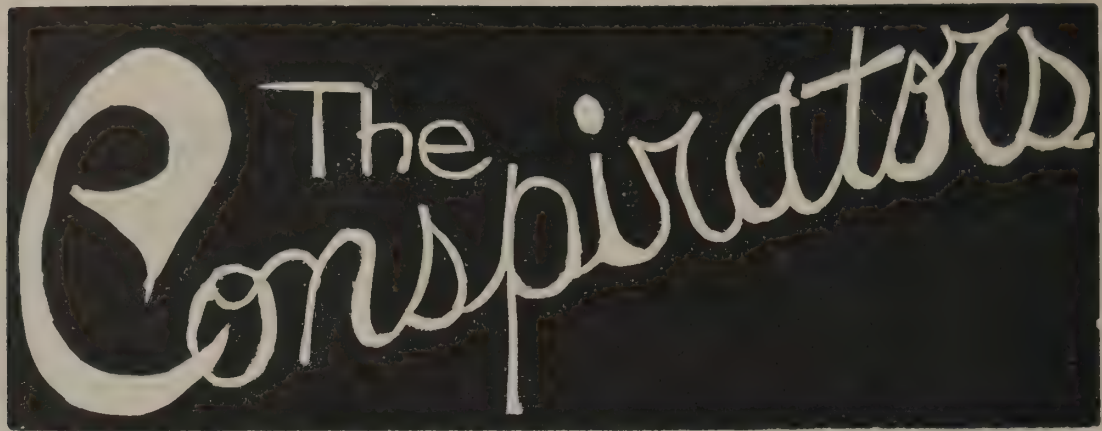
He mounted the stairs. As he opened the door, rifles began to blaze.



Every time there was a flash, he shot and ducked. Finally the room was quiet. He stood up. A shot hit him in the thigh. He fell and lunged out with the bayonet. He felt the warm blood run down the handle. Then, with a chair, he began smashing everything that he could find. In a few minutes the room was wrecked. He opened the door and ran. Just as he reached the edge of the cliff, he fell. He lay there in the cold. He felt cold, tired, and weak.

The first golden streaks of dawn glimmered in the east. He heard the men descending the cliff, but he was too weak to yell. He felt his leg and shoulder and his clothes where the blood had frozen. He thought of death. It didn't seem too bad. He struggled to go forward; but then he fell. He felt sleepy. He rolled over; and with thoughts of his girl and his folks back home, he dozed off. . . .

When he awoke, he was lying on a cot back at the base hospital. He saw the white bed-clothes and the white uniforms of the doctors. He heard some one say that he would recover. As somebody took his hand, he looked up. There was a pretty, smiling nurse. "Congratulations, soldier, the attack was terrific. The ridge is ours."



DEANE GEORGE-ADIS, '45

There were two of them, Latin School boys, who started the snowball rolling and developed the nationwide landslide. It all started one morning in the lunchroom. An upset milk-bottle, a muttered oath, a vigorous wiping was what caused Frank Q. Kelly to take those seventeen fatal steps from the counter to Table Thirty and thus effect the fatal meeting between him and Jasper Dinwiddie.

"Hey, Jasper, what's the matter with you today? Now it's a milk-bottle. Only a second ago you bumped into a teacher, swore unconsciously to yourself, and got five marks as a result. This morning you got plums in all your recitations. What's eating you, Jasper?"

Dinwiddie smooched the last milk drop into his tie and looked up at his friend. "Sit down, sit down, Frankie . . ." He glared at Frank sharply for an instant and then sat down. "I've got to tell somebody, and I might just as well tell you. To get to the point: I went to the mid-winter prom—calmly and peacefully, a happy man in the best of sprits, mind you—and before I knew it, my girl walks out and I never see her again for these six weeks. And why!"

"Why?"

"Why . . . Because we got into the simplest imaginable argument over 'The Voice.' It was something I must

have said about him that hurt her feelings. If I said something, I said it in fun. But because of that, Frankie . . ." Jasper cut short and again glared at Frank.

"I'm sorry, Frank. But every time I hear that name . . . I know it's only you; but the other guy—that two-timing, heart-breaking, devastating, unmitigated wolf . . . If . . . if . . ."

"Take it easy, Jasper. You're not the only one."

"You mean . . . you mean . . ."

"Yeah. It's happened before plenty of times. Why, I know half a dozen guys who are in the same predicament as you from this prom."

Jasper dug his face into the palms of his hands and stared ahead viciously. "Something should be done about it! That's all I know!" Jasper blurted.

"That's why I'm here, Jasper."

Jasper sprang out of his petrified position. "You mean!"

"Yeah. I got a plan."

"Well, I got a gun."

"No, no. Not that. I've got a strategic plan, a diplomatic plan. We need brains for this. And *money*, I'm afraid."

"Makes no difference, makes no difference. What are you up to?"

"Come closer. Listen. How would you like to join the Committee for Curing the Craze?"

"You asking a man in my situation?"

"Swell."

"How many are there of us?"

"Two. You and me."

"You and me?"

"Yeah, but there'll be plenty more before long. This is just the beginning."

"What's the plan? It's got to be good to start all this."

"Don't worry about the plan. It's fool proof. We'll organize the Committee first and discuss the plan later. And by the next prom, Jasper, rest assured that your enemy will be a dead duck . . . washed out . . . finished!"

"I wish it were today."

"Well, so long. Take it easy."

"My troubles are over. . . . Hey! Jumpin' Jehossaphat! Now that we've started this committee, at least take off that bow-tie!"

And as the days passed and the *bon mot* spread, the Committee grew and grew. The word spread from mouth to mouth, from letter to letter, from city to city. And on the day of the Grand Meeting of the Committee for Curing the Craze, delegates came from every cowtown, hamlet, and borough.

So great was the attendance that

Boston Garden had to be rented. Newspapermen were excluded, strangers were bounced, members of the brotherhood were welcomed heartily. Frank Q. Kelly took the platform, and soon the amplifier was sending his booming voice.

"My fellow Committeemen, today we are assembled to effect plans for Curing the Craze. Some of you are sanguinary; some are chicken-hearted. It is our job to find the method favorable to all of us. We may not hire assassins. We may not employ sordid techniques. We must play a straight forward game and beat our opponent on equal terms.

"First, one way to eliminate Sinatra is to find a rival—someone with a better voice, a more attractive personality, and a strong will. But this method has flaws. If we eliminate Sinatra, the girls will switch over to our new hero; and the same difficulty will arise. If we don't eliminate Sinatra, we shall have two problems on our hands. And in either case, each case involves much time and money. We can afford to waste neither.

"Second, we have the same plan—modified: to institute a feminine rival. We must search for a girl who has a voice of ten angels, with the rhythm of ten harps, and a strong prejudice against 'The Voice.' We shall call her 'The Truth.' We shall use the stage, the networks, and the juke-boxes. We shall have no petty publicity. We shall run our campaign on a grand scale. And within one month, gentlemen, we shall have succeeded in freeing American girls from this madness."

The roof of the Garden almost blew out from the pressure of yells and laughs. Bills and coins were thrown onto the platform. Collections mounted to the grand total of \$788,164,444.79. Newspapermen, breaking in at the end of the performance, tried in vain to elicit news from the faithful committeemen. But at the end of that week news-



papers carried no front-page headlines; but instead, there was a three-tone color photograph of the "new singing rage." "The Truth" was to make her debut at Symphony Hall in Boston. There were intermissions every fifteen minutes on every radio station to announce the "The Truth's" debut. Special folders were distributed by boys. Dirigibles proclaimed the announcement on their silver sides and on huge trailers.

On Saturday night Symphony Hall was packed. Only males were admitted—for strategic purposes of the C.C.C. Amplifiers were attached to every lamp-post in Boston. Every radio station was hooked up with Symphony Hall. By special arrangement, the war on all fronts stopped for three hours. Even Tokyo and Berlin listened.

And then — it happened. At nine o'clock, under a flood of lights, "The Truth" stepped onto the stage of Symphony Hall. She sang magnificently. Boys screamed and swooned and ran into the streets, sobbing with happiness and rolling on their backs, overcome with emotion.

Audiences laughed and wept. Commentators praised her. President Roosevelt offered her control of the W.S.B. Adolf Hitler sent orchids. Hirohito sent cherry blossoms. Schools were ordered closed "until such time as all masters and pupils have fully recovered." Motion picture directors were fighting bitterly to sign up "The Truth."

It was stupendous. Bonfires burned all night; fireworks were displayed. News of the girl with the angel's voice had spread across the world. But the most important event took place in Symphony Hall, in the back office where among notables and flowers and telegrams lounged the world's happiest men, Frank Q. Kelly and Jasper Dinwiddie, leisurely issuing press statements, fu-

ture plans, etc. Suddenly word was received that Frank Sinatra was rushing to Symphony Hall by Army plane at 450 m.p.h. Being in New York, he arrived in Boston in a matter of minutes and breathlessly pushed his way through the crowds to the back-office. Jasper roared, "Well, Frankie, we were expecting you . . . you . . ."

"Now, fellahs, puh . . . leese—" Sinatra sighed. He approached the group with weak knees; a thin, pale face. "I've come here to compromise. I don't know why you've tried to ruin me, but I can't say I haven't foreseen, I haven't dreaded this sort of thing in my lonely moments. You're not going to ruin me for some petty grudge are you?"

"We'll state the facts, please," Kelly announced smoothly. "At this moment you're a dead duck. There's no need to impress you further with our worldwide sensation, our powerful committee. Sinatra, are you ready to resign?"

"Yes, yes, anything. I must save the name I've earned. But tell me, before I sign, *why* did you do this to me?"

"Dinwiddie and I organized the C.C.C. We're Latin School boys. We were robbed of our girls by your drooly, sentimental songs. Now the tables are turned: the boys swoon, and the girls worry about getting back the boys. Man to man, Frankie, this business is strictly professional. Maybe it isn't your fault that girls go for you, but this thing has got to stop. We can't wait till you die or somebody decides to bump you off."

"I see. Maybe you boys are helping me, after all. I'll sign."

Jasper grinned at Kelly and handed Frankie the pen. In a moment it would be over. Then the door opened, and "The Truth" stepped in. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" Jasper cried. "You made a hit."

Sinatra turned around and said, "As a tribute to you, and as my farewell

speech, I'd like to sing a song."

He sang only the first line of his song, when — "Eeee, Frankie!" And "The Truth" swooned. There was a shocked silence. Then murmurs and confusion broke out through the crowd. Frankie looked astonished for a moment, then grinned, and then laughed and laughed and laughed. He dashed the pen to the floor and stamped on it with both feet. "So, you fellows thought you had swindled me? Well, tell the world your 'Truth' is under my control. You're dead ducks."

"But 'The Truth' can outsing you. She's a hit!" Jasper cried.

But Frankie dashed to "The Truth's" side. He said, "Would you give up your career for me, darling?"

"Why, yes, Frankie."

"There! You see—under my control, I said."

Kelly flopped into a chair and pounded his head. "Our committee has collapsed. Millions of dollars—wasted. It's all your fault, Jasper!"

"My fault?"

"Yes. I said to find a feminine rival who was Sinatra's age, had the voice of ten angels, an engrossing personality, and a *strong animadversion* toward 'The Voice.' You failed to find the last quality."

"We couldn't expect to find everything. Oh, woe is us!"

"What to do!"

"I still got that gun, Kelly. But shall we use it on Frankie or ourselves?"

"I don't know! I don't know!"

"Someone's at the door."

"Probably the police. We don't want to see anybody. No celebrities, no telegrams, no flowers, nothing!"

A Western Union boy entered the room. "Special telegram for Mr. Sinatra."

Then—it happened! Sinatra took the telegram. "It's from my manager. Hah, hah! Probably thinks we're washed



up . . . What! Why, why—I can't—oh, no, No, NO! The Draft Board has notified me. I'm in the Army!"

Kelly and Dinwiddie jumped up and cried in unison, "Your career is over?"

"All over. So long, fellahs. You win." And Frankie walked out of the room quietly, out of the lives of Kelly and Dinwiddie for ever.

"Oh, Frankie!"

"Truth," cried Jasper, "we forgot all about you. You swooned again after Frankie's proposal!"

"Is he gone for good?"

"For good; never to . . . say, what's wrong with your voice?"

"I don't know, I . . . I . . . Ah-choo!"

"Ye gods! She caught cold lying there on the floor for so long."

"I'm afraid it's worse, gentlemen," announced the house doctor. "Besides laryngitis, grippe, and a possibility of pneumonia in the morning, she has a streptococcus throat from infection and strained vocal chords from three hours singing this evening. I'm afraid she might never sing again. We'll be able to tell in a year. What she needs is a good long rest. And your public won't stand for that."

And so the affair of the two Latin School boys was closed. But the ending is a happy *one*; the C.C.C. came out on top. Perhaps "The Truth" succeeded and failed. But that's not the point. The purpose for which it was created was accomplished. Frankie is gone, no rival remains, the craze is

cured, and boys all over the country have their girls back, including our own Frank A. Kelly and Jasper Dinwiddie.

But the B.L.S. lunchroom still remains the melting-pot for all types of characters; it is the setting for plots, intrigues, and revolutions; and perhaps Sinatra has not been forgotten. . . .

ESCAPE

HARLAN B. HAMILTON, '46

With nothing else to do, on quiet after-
noons,

I slip down to a cool, green meadow
that I know,

Where the fragrant arbutus and the daf-
fodils grow,

Where everywhere in the air are flitting,
singing birds,

And the pleasant gurgling of a lazy
brook is heard.

Under fleecy clouds, softly drifting by
In the tranquil blueness of the sky,

I watch the delicate flight of the butter-
fly.

How gracefully she flies, to one flower—
And then another,

Like a fairy queen or mother,
Gently leaving on her children's lips a
kiss.

Watching her in time of war is close to
heavenly bliss.

WINTER SEA

PHILIP A. HARRIGAN, '45

Stern storm of winter, your combers far below
Poise o'er the rocks, then break and overflow.
High flung, their spumes in defiance dart
Upon the windswept beach, then flow apart.
I hear the grinding moan of tortured shore
As lashes rushing tides its side once once

Then quickly gathering up its mammoth strength
For yet a frightful blow, along the length
Of towering wave, I see a bit of wreckage
Roughly tossed as if enslaved in bondage
By mighty giants' hands. It pauses high,
Then crashes, as tide recedes with a low sigh.
My thoughts go out to those who fight
And toil against the ocean's grandiose might;
May He who calmed on waters fearsome wave
Tonight protect and guard our seamen brave.



(Owing to the fact that basketball, hockey and track are played simultaneously, during January, February and March, the *Register* will not be able to print box scores of basketball games or statistics of track meets. However, a tabulation of total points scored in basketball and track will be printed.)

It is only proper we express our gratitude to Messrs. "Charlie" Fitzgerald and "Steve" Patten, our illustrious coaches. Throughout the past three months, the former has been coaching the puck-pushers and the tracksters, while the latter has spent many a long hour training the basketball team in the fundamentals and finer points of the game.

BASKETBALL

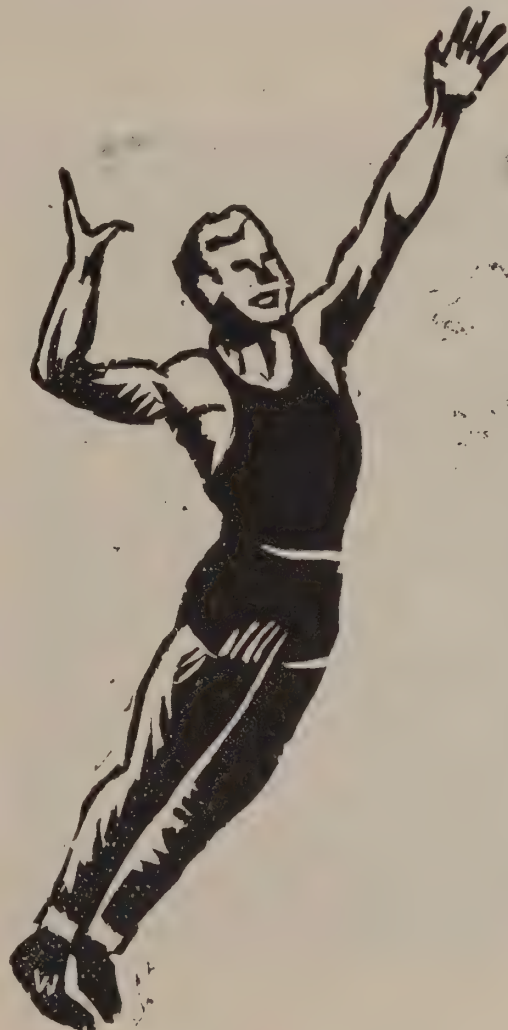
Latin Routs East Boston

January 19, 1945: On January 19, Latin School, with its five fast-stepping hoopmen, played East Boston in what proved to be a one-sided game. The game was played at Boston Garden, Latin and East Boston having the privilege of opening the year's competition there.

Latin held a slight lead of 16-9 at the end of the half; but when the teams came on the floor for the second half, the Purple and White turned the game into a rout, with Woolf getting 16 points and Rodman 6. The final score was Latin, 28; East Boston, 12.

Latin Shaves Technical

January 22, 1945: The Purple and White quintet successfully continued along its undefeated road by topping a fighting Technical team by the score of 27-26. The game was of the "wild and woolly" type, with the lead see-sawing back and forth continuously. In the first half the visitors gave stiff competi-



tion to the Patten-coached team, and left the floor with a 15-12 lead. However, in the second period Latin developed an offensive which took full advantage of its speedsters — Woolf, Hurd, and Rodman, and the game finally ended with Latin on the long end of the score. The Latin Jayvees won an overtime game, 19-17.

Purple & White Beats Commerce

January 25, 1945: A high-spirited Purple and White team racked up its sixth win in as many starts, as it turned back its neighbor Commerce, 25-20. In the first period both teams seemed equally strong, and at the end of this closely fought period, Latin trailed her foes, 9-8. But in the second period Latin held Commerce to one point, taking the lead, 14-10. With Woolf and Rodman pacing the attack, Latin in the third period built its lead to 20-13, enough to offset a fourth period Com-

merce comeback. Final score: Latin, 25; Commerce, 20.

Purple & White Rolls On

January 31, 1945: Latin defeated Boston College High 22-16 in the first game of a triple-header at Boston Garden. In the first half B. C. played a "stick-to-your-man-like-glue" defense, and the result of this innovation was a close, rough contest, with Latin taking a short lead. However, in the second period the Maroon and Gold, tired from the opening half, fought gamely to reduce the margin, but Latin walked off with its seventh straight win, 22-16.

Latin Romps to Number "8"

February 2, 1945: The Purple and White rolled on in its fight for the City Championship by defeating the Black and Orange hoopmen of Brighton, 29-17. In the opening period Brighton shocked the Latin rooters when it jumped to a quick lead of 8-3. However, in the second period, Latin outplayed, outran and outfaked her rivals to roll up a score of fourteen points against Brighton's "0." During the second half, Coach Patten inserted a whole new team, but with two more minutes to play, the Latin stars came on the court to add the finishing touches.

Latin Routs Dorchester 62-19

February 6, 1945: In a slam-bang battle, featured with thirty-seven charity throws, the Latin quintet won, 62-19, over Dorchester. The first period became a rout with the Latins scoring eighteen to Dorchester's 2. However, the Purple and White tired somewhat in the second period scoring only eight to Dorchester's six. The second half opened a faster and more furious pace with numerous fouls, intentional and unintentional. Within the last sixteen minutes of the game, Latin scored thirty-six to Dorchester's eleven. The big gun for the Latin team was Captain



Savage Goes Up

Bob Woolf, who scored 23 points, many with uncanny accuracy.

"Number 10"

February 8, 1945: The Purple and White hoopsters reached the two-digit numbers in their win-column, as they racked up their tenth victory in as many starts at the expense of the Boston Trade team, 42-21. Once again the game turned into a rout shortly after the first period, when Rodman went on the rampage and scored fourteen points. Thus Latin went into first place in her fight for the City Championship.

Latin Loses First

February 12, 1945: A high-spirited Latin team held the South Boston High School basket-shooters to a 4-6 score for the first period, but grudgingly gave in to the bombardment which continued through the second half. The game was played at South Boston, and our heroes were hampered. However, they did outplay the South Boston hoopsters in the first and fourth periods. Standouts of the game were Capt. "Bob" Woolf, who scored ten points, and invincible "Joe" Vanderslice, who held South Boston's star, Andy Ryan, to a mere eight points. South Boston 30, B.L.S. 24.

Latin Smothers Brandeis

February 15, 1945: Coach Patten's basketball team—completely revised, revamped, and rejuvenated—smothered a fair Brandeis quintet, 44-21. The line-up of "Bob" Woolf at guard and "Joe" Vanderslice at center proved to be even more baffling to Brandeis than to surprised Latin supporters, for Latin at half-time had piled up a 29-7 lead. The stars were "Bert" Rodman and "Bob" Woolf, who scored 19 and 14 points respectively.

Hyde Park Bows

February 27, 1945: In a story-book

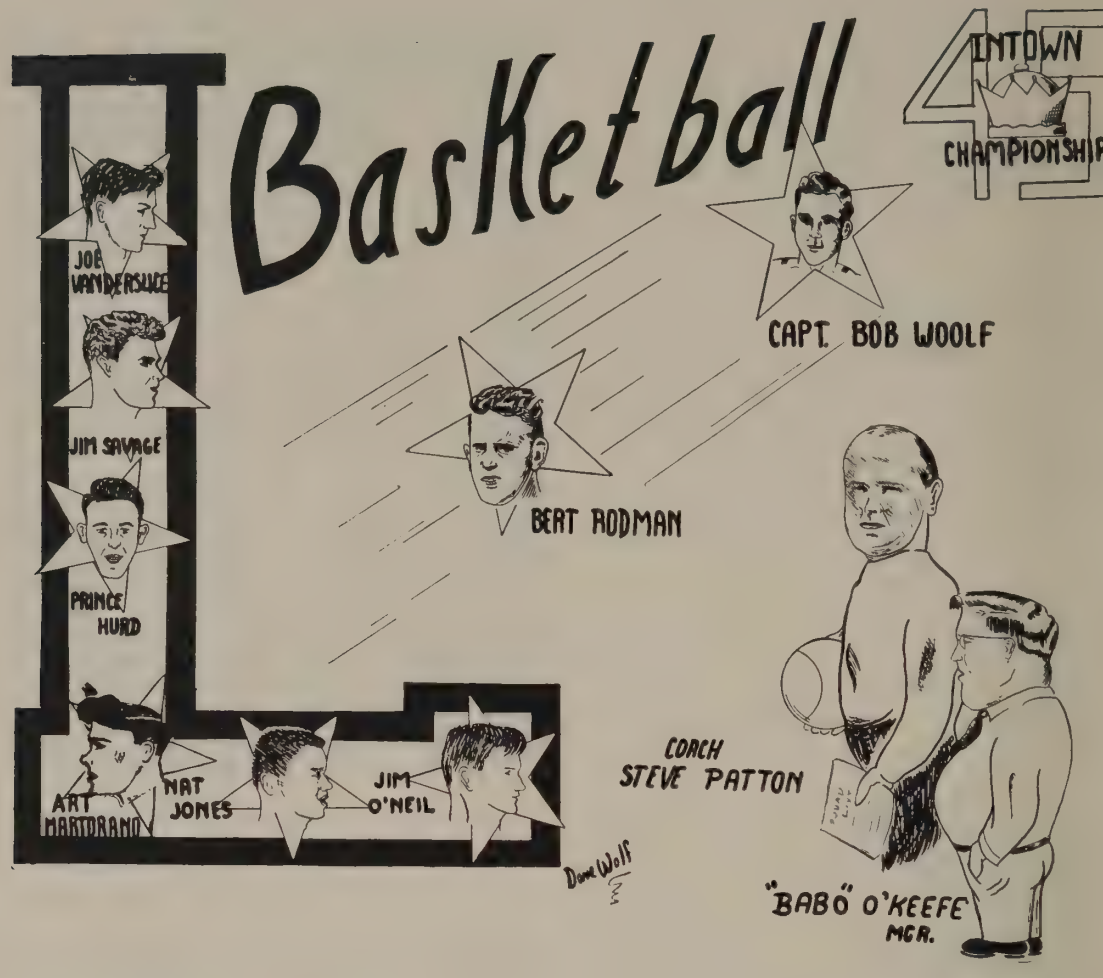


Jump Center!

game, Latin edged out a thrilling 25-22 verdict in the packed Hyde Park Gymnasium. From the beginning the game was packed with fast passing and great teamwork. The lead see-sawed as many spectacular shots were being made by both teams. At the outset of the final period, the Hyde Park hoopsters enjoyed a three-point lead; but baskets by Rodman, Woolf, and O'Neill more than offset H. P.'s lone basket. The final score: 25-22.

Latin Topples J. P.

March 2, 1945: The B.L.S. basketballers won a 53-15 game over a sub-par Jamaica Plain five. It was a drab game with few sparkling plays. In the first half the Latins rolled up a 28-2 score, and it looked as if Latin might hold J. P. to less than twelve points for the record. However, the Purple and Gold succeeded in caging a few lucky shots to offset 25 points of the Latins. Woolf starred with twenty-one points and our "super" guard "Joe" Vanderslice scored three baskets.



Latin Edged in Overtime 33-31

March 7, 1945: In the season's most hectic encounter, a "wild and woolly" affair that had the crowd screaming and roaring from start to finish, the Blue and Blue of English edged our Purple and White quintet in an overtime game, 33-31.

The opening period saw our Captain "Bob" Woolf constantly breaking the English "zone-defense" to score five baskets with breath-taking consistency and give the Latins a 12-7 lead. However, the Purple and White hoopsters were not as lucky in the second period, as English, not to be denied, sank six foul shots in a row to pull within one point of Latin, 16-15.

The third stanza opened with a faster and more furious pace; and before the Purple and White could catch their breath, they were trailing their ancient

rival, 23-27, going into the final period. The first four minutes of the period were a standstill as Latin scored three points and English three. The Latin stands were now yelling for a rally. Most obligingly Savage scored a beautiful lay-up shot and in the act was fouled. However, the Latins chose to take the ball from outside, and immediately Bert Rodman sent the crowd into a frenzy of ecstatic bliss when he calmly knotted the count 30-30. In the next minute English and Latin both scored charity throws, and the game ended in a tie, 31-31, thus calling for an overtime period.

After a short rest both teams came onto the court and play was resumed. Latin immediately got control of the ball, but Lady Luck turned her face from us as our shots popped in and out. With but a second and a half to

play, English scored a basket to win the game, 33-31.

A quick running resume over the game shows: Joe Vanderslice held English's star Bobbie Lynch to five points (1 basket and 3 fouls). Bob Woolf was high-scorer for both sides. Savage tied up the game with 40 seconds left. And last but not least, English won the game with but a second and a half left to the overtime period.

	No. of Games	Goals	Fouls	Points
1 Woolf	13	68	22	158
2 Rodman	15	61	21	143
3 Hurd	15	27	14	68
4 Savage	15	28	11	67
5 Vanderslice	15	11	10	32
6 Jones	15	10	6	26
7 O'Neil	12	5	4	14
8 Sidman	7	3	1	7
9 Roth	6	1	2	4
10 Martorano	7	1	2	4
11 Nathanson	6	0	0	0
12 Vallas	3	0	0	0
Team Totals	15	215	93	523
Ave. per Game		14.3	6.2	34.9



HOCKEY

Just Not Good Enough

January 17, 1945: The Purple and White sextet gained the dubious distinction of being the first Latin team of this season to taste a goose-egg. It was a fast-skating, hard-checking group of boys from Technical that accomplished the feat, 7-0. Although outplayed, Latin was not outfought, battling furiously to the final whistle.

Latin Tops Commerce

February 1, 1945: Latin, recovering from two losses, handed Commerce a decisive 4-1 defeat. The stars were McHugh and Connors, the former pulling off the hat trick and the latter assisting. A pass from Connors to McHugh scored

the first tally in the opening minutes. In the second period McMorrow reeled off a pretty solo and scored unassisted. The rest of the game found Latin controlling the ice and scoring twice to Commerce's once.

Latin line-up: Bauer, g; Sullivan, rd; Kenney, ld; Connors, c; McMorrow, rw; McHugh, lw.

Spares: Starsiak, Phinny, Field, Meaney, Allison, Hopkins, Crehan, Hanson, Flynn, Flannery.

Purple Edged by Dorchester

February 7, 1945: In our fourth game Dorchester defeated us 2 to 0. They went into a quick lead on a lucky goal by Carr. Early in the third period Ratto drove home a decisive shot to give the Black and Red a clean-cut victory. Dorchester put up even a better defensive game than Tech in checking our forwards on the attack.

Latin line-up: Bauer, g; Sullivan, rd; Kenney, c; Connors, rw; Meaney, lw; Phinn, ld.

Spares: Starziak, Field, Allison, Hopkins, Crehan, Flannery.

Mahoney 5; Latin 0

February 16, 1945: The Latin hockey team went down in glorious defeat, losing to a strong English High sextet by the not too inglorious score of 5 to 0, considering that Latin had been riddled by ineligibilities. Bauer turned in a really brilliant performance at the net, making spectacular saves to prevent a much higher score. Latin was forced to play an "iron-man" game. Noteworthy performances were turned in by Messrs. Sullivan, Phinn, Kenney, Connors, and Meaney.

Latin line-up: Bauer, g; Sullivan, rd; Phinn, ld; Kenney, c; Connors, rw; Meaney, lw Hickey, Alison.



"Matt" Branche outdistances field

TRACK

Latin Banners Fly

January 22, 1945: Our track team made an auspicious debut in its first quadrangular meet of the season, conquering rival forces of Technical, Dorchester, and Trade. The score read: Latin—114 1/2; Tech—90 1/2; Dorchester—41; and Trade—39 1/2. Latin and Tech ran neck-and-neck in each division. Branche, Jackson, Colson, Curran, Gilbert, Curran, Karger and Diamond all broke the tape first in their respective races.

Second to English

February 2, 1945: In the quadrangular meet with English, Technical, and Roxbury Memorial, at East Armory, the Purple speedsters took a second to her ancient rival English. The Blue and Blue amassed 123 1/2 points to defeat Latin—73 1/2, Tech—61 1/2, and Roxbury Memorial—24 1/2. The Latins

held their own in the A-B and C classes, but faltered badly in Class D. Branche, Colson, Gilbert, and Curran were the only Purple runners to win events.

Latin Romps in Quad Meet

February 8, 1945: The Latin tracksters sped to an easy win in the third track meet. Latin, with a 102-point total, was far ahead of B. C. High, Memorial, and Commerce, which had gleaned 39, 31, and 18 points respectively. Latin took thirteen of seventeen firsts, but the standout of the meet was Warren Colson, who ran the 50-yard dash in 5.5 seconds. The Regimental mark is 5.6, but Colson's record is not official.

State Meet

February 10, 1945: In the State Meet, Latin entered its most powerful group of runners. Led by Matt Branche, the Purple and White won a surprise third place behind ever-powerful Newton and favored Medford. Branche was first to

reap points by scoring an upset victory over Cogswell (Newton) and Gallo (Medford). However, the remaining Latin runners were all eliminated in their heats except Gilbert.

The field events produced similar results, as Branche won the high jump with a leap of 5 feet 8 inches, but was not quite able to negotiate the record-breaking height of 6:02 3/8.

Then came the relays, and B.L.S. was pitted against Technical and Malden. Curran, Gilbert and Dempsey fought valiantly to take the lead from favored Malden, but going into the anchor leg we were some fifteen yards to the rear. Branche then turned on the heat, only to be edged at the tape by the Malden speedster. Through the efforts of this hard-running quartet, Latin gained a tie for fifth place in the relay times, thus clinching third place in the final standing.

Track Scoring Record

Class A-B

Colson	31 $\frac{3}{4}$
Branche	27 $\frac{1}{2}$



"Dick" Curran takes "440"

Jackson	17 $\frac{1}{4}$
Dempsey	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sager	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
Coshnear	10
Finnegan	9 $\frac{1}{4}$
Shields	8
Fotos	6
Jennings	5
Greeley	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Semonian	3
Dawson	2
Morgan	1
Lurie	$\frac{3}{4}$

Class C

Gilbert	27 $\frac{3}{4}$
Curran	23 $\frac{1}{4}$
Pfau	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Kaplan	9 $\frac{1}{4}$
Graudin	6
Anderson	4
Wisentaner	2 $\frac{3}{4}$
Stone	2
Vafiades	2
Del Veccio	2
Lee	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Kripke	1

Class D

Schlosberg	20
Diamond	19 $\frac{1}{4}$
Aronson	16
Lazarus	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
Murphy	13
Powell	11
Karger	9
Meaney	8
De Lang	8
Dempsey	6
Mabry	6
Roazin	6
Egges	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
Rosen	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Silverberg	3 $\frac{3}{4}$
Zarrow	2
Berkowitz	1
Goldsmith	1
Feldman	1
Baatz	$\frac{1}{2}$

NIHONGO

H. J. SMITH, '45



Late one dreary afternoon last spring, I chanced to be in a little old bookstore near Copley Square. Having time to spare, I indulged in the pastime of browsing among books old and new, with no special aim in view. Happening upon a slim volume which had attracted my eye by its boastful advertisement of "A Short Cut to Spoken Japanese," I opened the tome and perused its table of contents. As I was doing this, the polite voice of a Scotchman said behind my shoulder, "Are you interested in that language?" A little mite embarrassed, I turned about to see a slight, middle-aged man in naval officer's uniform, looking very kindly and obligingly, quietly observing the effect which his question had produced on me.

"Are you interested in that language?"

"Why — er — yes, I am," I faltered. "That is to say, I wish I knew something about Japanese. Are you a student of the tongue?" I was fibbing, but I hesitated to say "No," for fear of seeming ungrateful for the interest the man had displayed.

"Yes, I have been studying Japanese for several months. I take lessons with a native Japanese. Are you going to study *Nihongo*?"

One fib leads to another. "Yes, I in-

tend to study it in college; it may be of some advantage to me in my military career. That's how I happen to be looking at this book."

"Stay, then. I have a number of good books about Japanese, and I know all the good ones. Won't you come to my rooms and see them? I can help you choose the best book for your needs."

I believe the reader sees now what a situation I had gotten into. I ended by making an appointment with the gentleman (who was Captain Stuart, of the Royal New Zealand Navy), for the next Saturday afternoon at two, in front of the bookshop.

Saturday, I was there on the dot of two, but no Captain. I waited doubtfully for ten minutes. Had the well-meaning gentleman broken our appointment? I was about to leave, when my acquaintance appeared around the corner, bearing a genial smile of greeting. Turning into a nearby cafe, we spent an hour of the afternoon having tea and discussing the subject which had brought us together. As we were about to leave, Captain Stuart brightened with an idea. "Would you like to meet my teacher? Perhaps she is in now."

"Why, I should be delighted to!" (Fib.)

"Wait, then; I shall call her." ("Her!" mused I.) However, I was to be disappointed: the Captain returned and announced that she was not in. We then proceeded to Mr. Stuart's rooms on Marlborough Street. Learning that my companion knew no Latin, I made use of the opportunity to create a good impression by "quoting" a definition from Seneca (though at the time I wasn't quite sure whether Seneca was a Greek, Roman, or American Indian). Mr. Stuart retaliated by addressing me in

Japanese:

"Anata wa nihonjin wo shitte imasu ka?"

"Why, yes. I have ever since I was a child."

Mr. Stuart smiled. "Do you know any Japanese people?" It so happened that I did: I worked with a most attractive and amiable Japanese-American girl, no more than nineteen years old, named Dorothy Y—.

"But she doesn't speak her ancestors' tongue. I have asked her."

"You know, I wager she can speak and understand Japanese. Many Japanese-Americans are ashamed to speak their native tongue, since they know only a dialect" When I left Captain Stuart that afternoon, I carried with me a gift from him: a dictionary from which I was to gather phrases to encourage Dorothy to speak Japanese. The Captain was right: Dorothy could and did speak Japanese. I went so far as to purchase the book which had brought about the whole situation, and from it learned sufficient Japanese to be able to converse with Dorothy after a while, much to the amusement of everyone around us.

However, I was not yet done with Captain Stuart; for he had invited me to join him on one of his lessons. As it happened, I went to the last of them; the Captain was leaving the next week for parts unknown. That evening will always remain vividly in my memory. We were a strange gathering: There were Captain Stuart; a Scotsman, whose home was on the other half of the world, "down under"; his teacher, a Japanese lady of about 35, a thoroughly westernized Oriental; a Chinese tea-merchant, presumably a scholar at Harvard; an old Irishman who appeared to be very affluent; and I, an American schoolboy.

How the ether buzzed with languages that night! It was most amusing to hear Japanese spoken with a

Scotch accent, or muddled up with the brogue of an Irishman. The actions of the Chinese gentleman delighted me most, for when he wished to look up a word in the dictionary, he would first have to translate it into Chinese; his dictionary, you see, was from Chinese to Japanese. I was honored to be asked to read at sight parts of a story in Romaji script. Though it sounded very sweet, I wonder to this day what the story was about!

The lesson being over, there was served to us a small banquet, bidding Captain Stuart farewell. Such a banquet! I have no more idea of what I ate that night than of what I had heard said earlier. Let me say that that Japanese food was as delicious as it was mysterious. No saki was served. However, the repast ended with Chinese tea and much Japanese conversation. Soon after the last cup had been downed, the party began to break up. I bade farewell to Mr. Stuart, expressing my gratitude for the interest he had shown in me.

"That's all right, lad. Good luck to you!" I left him with another appointment already made: Shiba, Tokyo, May 30, 1954, 3:30 in the afternoon.

NATURE'S TOWN CRIER

HARLAN B. HAMILTON, '46

Mr. Sun slowly climbs into bed
After a weary day of watching the world.

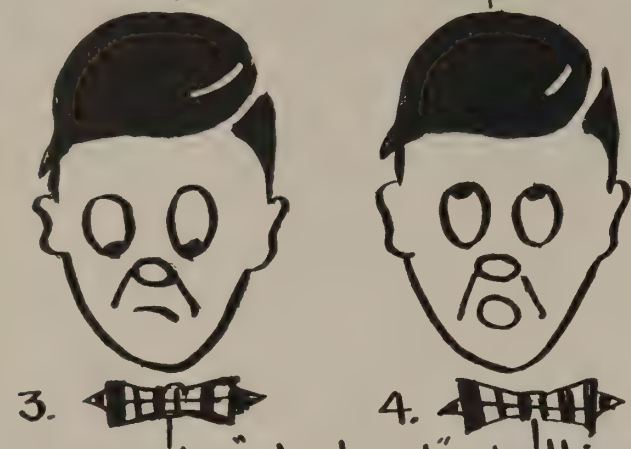
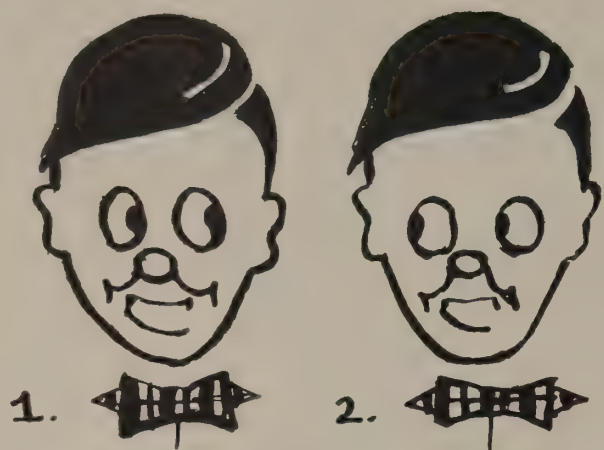
Several scattered puffs of clouds
Are driven, like sheep, from the sky
By a shepherd, unknown and unseen.
Night draws her starry cloak slowly and softly

Over the world.
Then, from the tree in the meadow,
Comes the lonely call of the whippoorwill.

All through the darkness he sits, like a guard,

And repeats his lonely song,

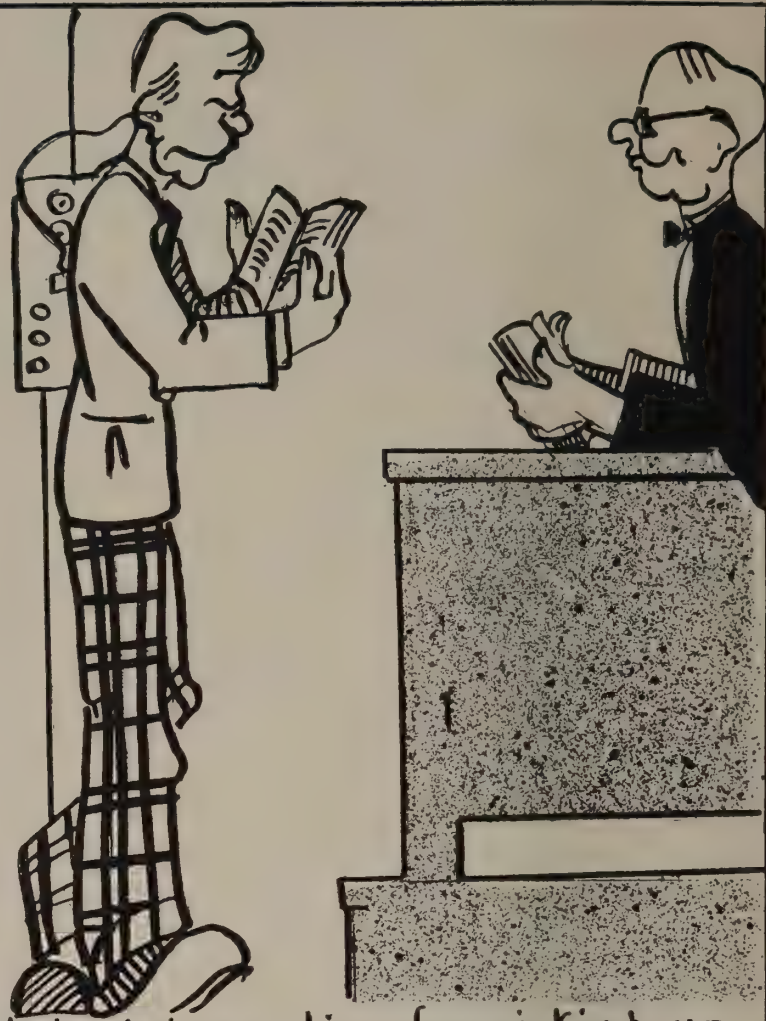
"All is well, all is well."



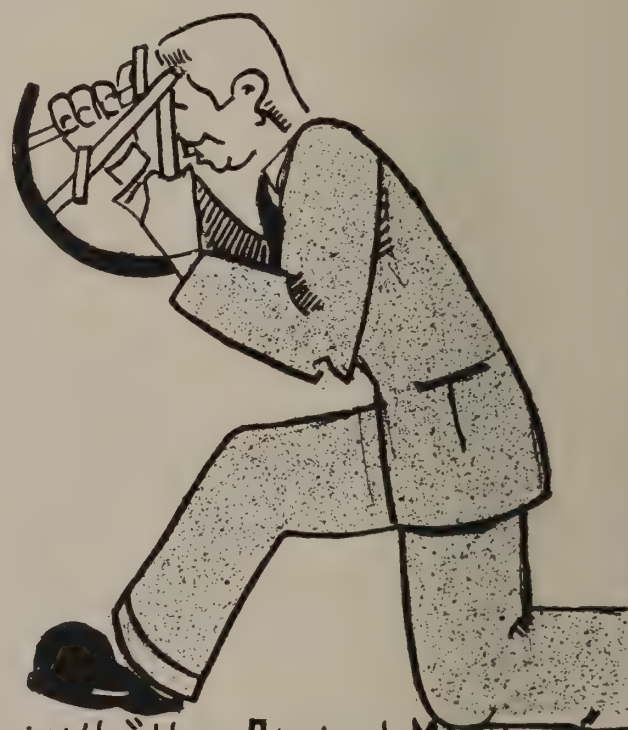
An average "student" getting
An average report card !!!



Here's one way to brighten
up, yes, even an English period!



Latest invention for picking up
flying answers and translation!



No, it isn't "the Ancient Mariner"
but Mr. Cheetham showing his
class how to find the "angle of
elevation" between "114" and the third
window from the left at Simmons!

DEATH IN THE EVENING or O TEMPORA, O MORES, O BROTHER!

A. L. GOLDSMITH

What would a modern detective do if he were sent to investigate the murder of Hamlet's father, the King of Denmark?

The pale moon cast its mysterious glow on a black sedan as it screeched to a stop before the castle gate. Two men got out and hastened down the narrow path which led to the heavy oak door. The taller of the two rang the bell, while the other tapped the ground nervously with his short brown cane. Hurried footsteps were heard in the hallway, and then the massive door creaked open, permitting a slender stream of light to play upon the two figures.

"My name is Sherlock Augustus Solveus, and my companion's is Dr. Roscius. We got here as soon as we received your telephone call."

"I'm very glad to see you, sir. Oh, it's ghastly! They've taken the body upstairs, and the entire household is in an uproar. Oh, it's horrible; simply horrible!"

"Calm down, my good man. We won't get anywhere this way. Come, Roscius, let's take a look around the castle."

The two detectives entered a beautiful hall, illuminated by large chandeliers suspended by chains from the ceiling. Two men were whispering in the shadow of the tall, marble pillars when Solveus spied them and said, "Aha, Roscius, there are our first suspects."

"I say there, I'm detective Solveus from Denlard Yard. Who are you and what were you doing in the castle at the time of the murder?"

"My name is Guildenstern, and his is Rosencrantz. We're friends of Prince

Hamlet. We know nothing of his father's ghastly murder."

"Hmm. Make sure you don't leave the grounds. I want to question you again later. I say, Roscius, have you got a cigarette?"

"Sorry, Solveus, old boy; horrible shortage, you know."

"Oh, that's right. I had forgotten there's a war going on. I say there, old man, what's your name?"

"Polonius, sir."

"What's your last name?"

"Great men are known not by their names, but by their deeds. Besides, Shakespeare gave me only one, which is, as you correctly observed—Polonius."

"A smart guy, huh. Well, stick around until I call for you."

The two detectives walked away and came to a smaller room. Sitting on a chair in the corner was a woman in tears. At her side, a middle-aged gentleman was vainly trying to comfort her.

"What ho, Roscius? What have we here? Your name, my good man?"

"I am Claudius, brother of the deceased king, and this lachrymose lady is Gertrude, the king's widow."

"My deepest sympathies, dear madam."

"I say, Solveus, if she doesn't stop crying soon, she'll look like Gravel Gertie."

"Ho, ho, excellent joke, Roscius; but say, who's this?"

"My name is Horatio, sir. I am a schoolmate of Hamlet's. As you see, he's taking it very hard. They were very devoted."

"With all you young men around, Horatio, there should be a . . . Oh, there she is. What's your name, Miss?"

"My name is Ophelia, and this is my brother, Laertes."

"Don't tell the busybody anything, Ophelia. Let him find things out for himself."

"Well, well, I'm going out into the yard, Roscius, to see the spot where the body was found. Give me your flashlight, and then gather everybody into this room. When I return, the case ought to be solved."

Solveus left as Roscius began to gather the grumbling suspects together. An hour passed.

"Is everybody here, Roscius? Good, let's proceed. We all know that the beloved king was found beneath the hammock in which he had been sleeping, his skull fractured. Now let's eliminate our suspects one by one. Guildenstern, Rosencrantz, and Polonius were playing poker upstairs in their room all afternoon and evening. That eliminates three suspects. Horatio likes Hamlet; Hamlet loved his father; so

things equal to equal things are equal to each other. That takes care of two more. Claudius and Gertrude were in their rooms reading, and Laertes and his sister were out walking. That takes in all our suspects. The result, elementary, dear Roscius; an accident.

"You all look amazed, but the explanation is very simple. The king was very fond of tinkering with gadgets. From some blueprints, which I found in his bedroom, his last invention seems to have been a device which would lower his hammock and set him lightly on the ground. He woke from his nap, pulled the cord, and something went wrong. The hammock overturned, the iron side fracturing his skull."

"Excuse me, sir; there's a telephone call for you."

"Hello. Yes, this is Sherlock Augustus Solveus. What? Duncan, king of Scotland, murdered? Yes, we'll drive to the airport and take a plane across the channel. Be right there."



EARTH'S LESSON

WARREN PETERKOFISKY, '45

Oh, tired earth, upon thy crest I stand
And see the change in you that man hath wrought.
While ever you have writhed and bled and fought
To keep your wondrous secrets from his hand,
At last he has won from your stubborn proud command
The trackless seas of blue and green, which thought
Themselves immune. The endless skies he caught
And bridged the empty path 'twixt air and land.

While man doth bind your might to ease his task,
And often tears himself and you apart
To satisfy the poison of his wrath,
'Tis your to watch in sorry plight and ask
The reason why you failed right from the start
To see that God alone this power hath.

Something of Interest.



ATTENTION: Could you use a \$500 War Bond? Would you like to obtain more than vegetables and weeds from your garden? No, we haven't a formula for growing War Bonds, but the National Victory Garden Institute in Chicago recently announced the "Green Thumb Contest." To the outstanding gardener in the elementary and high school groups, a \$500 War Bond is offered as first prize, with other prizes of \$100 and \$50. In addition, silver medals for state champions plus certificates and ribbons will be awarded.

Recently Mr. Thomas F. Mahan organized an outstanding educational group, the Horticultural Club (a high-sounding name for the Yearbook, Seniors). At the first meeting, Mr. Dooley, Head of the Agricultural Department at Jamaica Plain High School, explained how important and necessary food is to the war effort. If interested, reserve Thursday afternoons for the club meetings.

* * * * *

TO 35 B.L.S. BOYS!

Just so that you may see what your name looks like in print, we've agreed to give you publicity for winning the SPELLING BEES held recently in the school. (You really deserve a good round . . . of applause.)

IX

Eugene Paul Maloney (First)
Macy Joseph Margolis (Second)
Donald A. Vezina
Francis Renaud

George Costello
J. Francis Doherty
George A. Rolt
Stanley H. Zisk
Paul N. Selby
Leonard Pazol
Mishel Glickstein
Bertram Schuman

X

Francis C. Cadigan (First)
William C. Bond (Second)
Michael Gottschalk
George Capernaros
Philip Flaherty
Edward J. Imondi
Horace A. Del Grosso
Paul N. Mulcahy

XI

Joel Berg (First)
William F. Reynolds (Second)
Samuel I. Epstein
Nathan A. Greenberg
James A. Hurley
Norman S. Williams
George F. Carney
Augustus J. Morelli

XII

Paul Solomon (First)
Emmanuel Paul Kelly (Second)
James T. Gourzis
Edward Michael Sullivan
Bernard Potishman
Curtis F. Ross
David V. Berry

* * * * *

Every Thursday afternoon during the last period between the BZSCHT&!!* CXTCHLLZDT of the loud speaker

and sporadic gunfire in the Army films that are being shown, we sometimes catch fleeting glimpses of the film—before it breaks, and the darkness is suddenly shattered by a roar that “rises like a thunderstorm on the stern and distant shores.
 ‘Kill him! Kill the movieman!’ shouted someone in the Hall,
 And it’s likely they’d have killed him, had someone had the gall.
 With a smile of Christian charity, the man’s young visage shone;
 He stilled the rising tumult. He bade the show go on.
 He signalled to the camera man, once more the “talkies” rolled;
 But the thing was not fixed right, and it broke right off—dead cold!
 “Fraud,” cried the maddened school-boys, and the echoes answered
 “Aw-w-w-w-w-w-w.”
 But one scornful look from his eyes, and the audience was awed.
 And they knew that he wouldn’t let that film give him some pain.
 Oh, somewhere in this favored school the lamps are burning bright;
 The band is playing downstairs, but it

sounds more like a fight.
 And sometimes teachers mark us and sometimes we are dumb,
 But there is no joy in Latin, our cam’ra is on the bum.

(Note to Ernest L. Thayer: Pardon the liberties.)

* * * * *

If you are not yet seventeen or interested in Radar, Hospital Service, or an Air Crewman’s job in the Navy, just pass over this notice. Last week we were told all about these jobs by Lt. Hooks and Yeoman “Jerry” Hayes of the Boston Naval District. We were told to go right through our full high-school course and get a regular diploma—if possible. Meanwhile, go to their room in the Post Office Building and try the Eddy test, which, if passed, will allow you to go to the Eddy School in Chicago. Here’s your opportunity, fellows!

* * * * *

About a month ago, Classes IV, V and VI heard “Has the Good Neighbor Policy in Central and South America Failed?” hashed and rehashed by “Tom” Coyne, “Bob” Haley, and Donal Burns



Mid-Winter Prom at Longwood Towers

on the affirmative, and "Ed" Coughlin, John Doyle, and "Nat" Cohen on the negative. The arguments were presented well. "Pete" Hines did a good job as chairman.

* * * * *

CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club announced its Annual Salon some time ago. If you haven't already entered, be prepared to

hand over a nickel for each picture entered.

You may win a prize

1—If you can get some film.

2—If you have a large stock of nickels, dimes, etc.

3—If you know some of the judges well.

4—If you believe in the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, *try, try, try*, again."

LEFT-HANDED HOPE

F. E. O'BRIEN, '46

The sun shone through the windows of the Veterans' Hospital, touching on the G.I. haircut of the thin boy as he lay listlessly on his bed. He looked up without interest as a volunteer artist began to set up his equipment at the side of the bed. At the sight of the artist's materials the boy's eyes clouded as long, undisturbed thoughts passed through his mind. He spoke dreamily, "Before the war I painted some myself."

Suddenly the lad's listlessness vanished, and he asked eagerly, "D'you think that I could still paint — even if I haven't got a right hand?" This last he said a bit slowly. The artist looked up. "I can't see why you couldn't," replied the artist encouragingly.

"This is probably a funny thing to ask, but—uh—cou—won't you paint me with your left hand — just to see how I could do?" asked the thin figure on the bed hopefully.

"But I'm . . ." The hope which had been in the boy's eyes began to fade out. "Be glad to!" said the painter quickly and watched hope stage a "come-back."

The boy could hardly sit still as the painting slowly took form; and after,

when he compared his picture with those of the others in the ward, his seemed much better than theirs. As the artist was preparing to leave, a doctor stopped him. "How is it," he asked, "that you painted the men—that is, all but that boy—with your right hand? I thought it strange, especially since you are left-handed."

Exit Winter; Enter Spring

SALVATORE J. ALBANO, '49

One pleasant, breezy, frolicsome day,
Old Man Winter strolled along his way.
He encountered a maiden on his walk;
He bowed politely; began to talk.

"Good day, fair miss; what brings you here?"

Your warming presence I frankly fear,"
He stamped his foot, her wand fell down;

And soon gay flowers sprang from the ground.

She gently spoke, "You now must sleep!
The wonders of Nature we must reap.
Maiden Spring will bring brighter days,
And revive the earth with its warm sun's rays."

OUR LORDS AND MASTERS

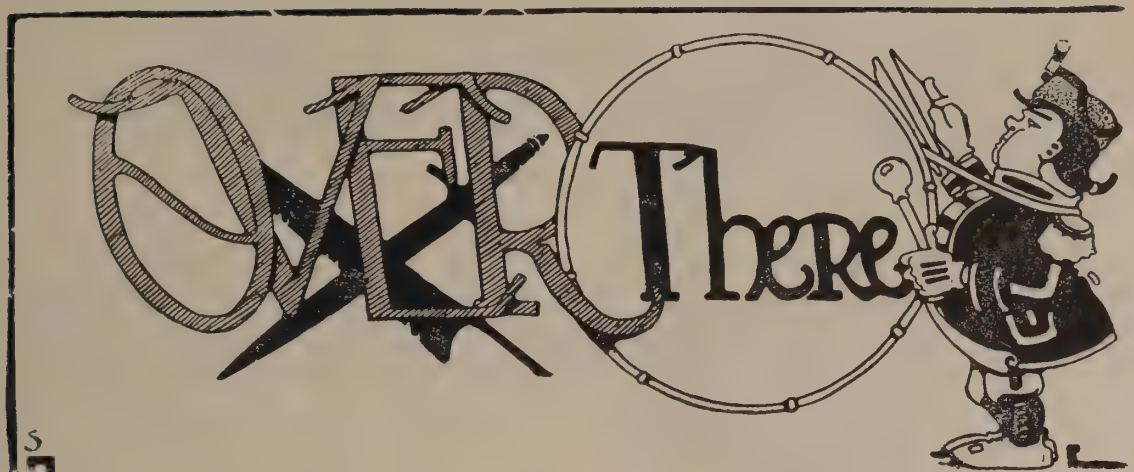


MR. LEVINE teaches French in 301. . . . Graduated from B.L.S. in '07. . . . Granted A.B. from Harvard, '11 (Magna Cum Laude with final honors in classics). A.M. from B.U., '28. Further graduate work at Chicago University and Middlebury College. . . . Obtained Certificat d'Etudes Françaises, Diplôme d'Etudes Supérieure de Phonétique from the University of Grenoble. . . . Won letter in basketball. . . . Hobbies are billiards and bowling. . . . Has done extensive traveling in Europe, the United States, and Canada. Maxim: "Do every day's work honestly."

MR. O'CALLAHAN teaches Latin and Greek in 124. . . . Graduated from St. John's Prep, where he was valedictorian of his class and a member of the Literary Society and the Debating Club. . . . Received A.B. from Boston College '25, A.M. '29. . . . Took extra courses at Harvard, B. U., Teachers College, Columbia, and University of California. . . . His main hobby is language study. . . . Has knowledge of French, German, Italian, Sanskrit, Gothic, Russian, and Old Bulgarian. . . . His maxim: "There are two roads to success, the inspirational and perspirational; and very few are inspired."



DOCTOR COLLINS teaches English in 207. . . . Attended Dorchester High, where he participated in debating, dramatics, and baseball. . . . Received A.B. from Boston College '25, M.A. from Boston University '26, Ph.D. from Boston College '36, and Certificate of Study from Oxford '31. . . . Associate editor of "Stylus" and "The Heights," Managing Editor of "Sub Turri". . . . Hobbies are bowling, reading, and keeping up with contemporary literature ("an awful waste of time"). . . . Has travelled through Europe twice. . . . Has a son in Class VI. . . . Advice to students: "A friendly attitude goes a long way."



As our armies and navies advance toward Berlin and Tokyo, the fanatically resisting enemy is taking a grim toll. Among many who have made the supreme sacrifice are the following B.L.S. boys:

1st Lt. Carl B. Radlo, '29, was killed in action in northern Italy, October 28, 1944. He entered the Army in 1942, attended Officers' Candidate School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and received his commission as Second Lieutenant. Sent overseas, October, 1943, he served in Africa, Sicily, and Italy with the 5th Army, was awarded the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star, May, 1944, and received his first lieutenant's bars June, 1944. . . .

Pfc. Louis Epstein and Pfc. Pedro Urbina also died in battle. Epstein, a Dartmouth boy, was killed in action in Germany, December 14, 1944, while serving with the Third Army. Urbina, a junior at Harvard, was killed in action in Belgium. . . .

Among the civilians freed from the Japanese prison camps in the Philippines was Francis M. Corliss, '21. Corliss, a graduate of M.I.T., was a General Electric employee and had gone to the Philippines in 1939 as agent for International General Electric. . . .

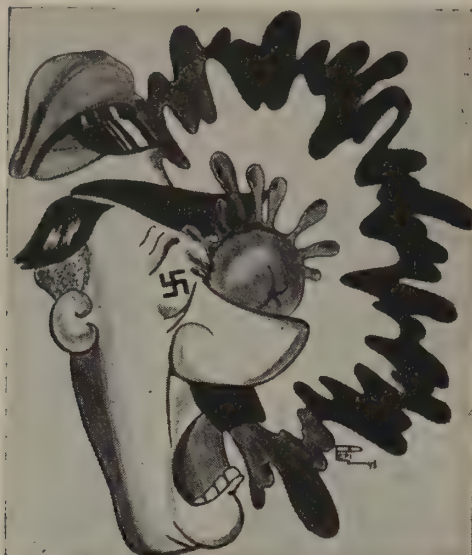
A combination dentist and entertainment director, Capt. Harold Sonis is now stationed in the Marianas. He is both dental surgeon and special overseas officer for his battalion. During

his off-hours Capt. Sonis has supervised the building of volleyball and basketball courts, softball diamonds, an outdoor movie theatre, and has arranged for the publication of a weekly paper for the men who have been constructing airstrips and installations for the bombing of Japan. He topped his efforts with a "gripe box" in front of his tent. Problems of all types flow in. Those of general interest are published in the paper. Those of personal interest are handled confidentially. . . .

A pilot of a B-26 Marauder bomber with the 12th A.A.F. in Italy, Capt. Alvin Plackter, '37, recently completed his eightieth mission. He went overseas in December, 1943, and was recently made a flight officer. Capt. Plackter holds the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with eight Oak Leaf Clusters. . . .

Other Latin School airmen in the European Theatre of Operations are Lts. Alvin B. Milchen and Francis X. Radley. Milchen, a Fortress navigator with the Eighth A.A.F. in England, now has three Oak Leaf Clusters added to his Air Medal. Radley, a P-51 "Mustang" pilot, also with the Eighth A.A.F., is credited with the probable destruction of one Focke-Wulf 190 and a share in shooting down another near Hamburg. . . .

Recently promoted to Majorities were Julian M. Sobin, '37, and George W. Mover, '38. Major Sobin is thea-



tre censor in charge of press and postal censorship in the India-Burma Theatre of Operations. Previously he taught field artillery, signal communications and then was transferred to public relations before being assigned to military intelligence school and shipped to the India-Burma theatre. . . . Major Mover is in charge of the supply and materiel of a service group of the 15th A.A.F. in Italy. Overseas two years, he was recently awarded the Bronze Star for outstanding performance of duty during the evacuation of an advanced airfield in Tunisia. . . .

Holding the important post as assistant to the regimental headquarters commandant was Pfc. Charles W. Taite. Taite was recently switched to his present position from a Signal Corps unit. . . .

Among the "sea-going" alumni of Latin School are Lieutenants Bertram H. Lowenberg, '30, and Robert A. Grimes, '33. Lowenberg is on duty in the South Pacific as Gunnery Officer on a destroyer escort. Grimes, formerly Junior Turret Officer on a battleship and Turret Officer on a heavy destroyer, is now Turret Officer on a light cruiser. . . .

Benjamin Spelfogel, '32, a Captain in the Army Medical Corps, has been on

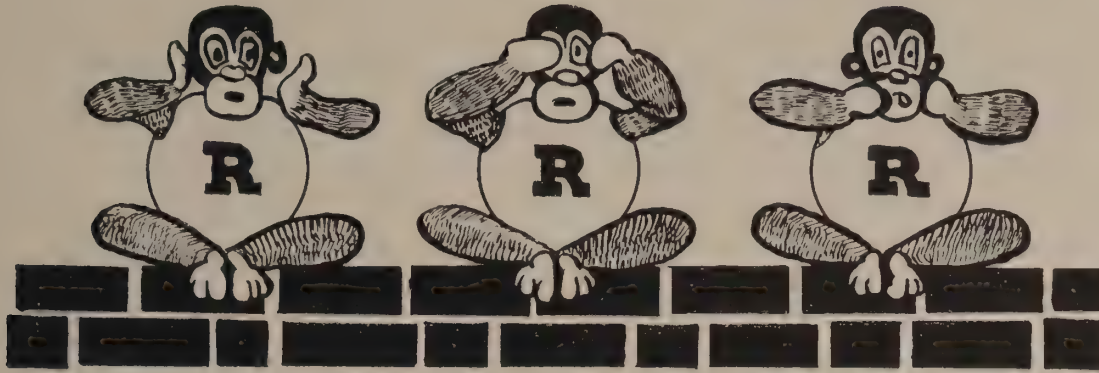
overseas duty for more than a year and a half. At H-Hour on D-Day he landed in France with the Amphibious American factors to set foot on French shores. Wounded on D-Day, he received the Purple Heart. Fully recovered, he is back on active duty.

Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., Editor of the *Catholic World* since 1922, contributes the current number in the series *Molders of Opinion*. Father Gillis is a native of Boston, Mass., and an alumnus of Boston Latin School. Nationally known from his broadcasts (he has frequently appeared on The Catholic Hour) and his writings (he has written several books and conducts the weekly syndicated column *Sursum Corda: What's Right with the World*), Father Gillis has himself been a molder of opinion of no mean ability.

AN EIGHTH AIR FORCE BOMBER STATION, England — The second Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal has been awarded to Second Lieutenant Edward Phillips, 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Phillips, of 102 Nightingale Street, Boston, Mass., for "meritorious achievement" during Eighth Air Force bombing attacks on Nazi military and industrial targets.

The B-17 Flying Fortress navigator is a member of the 493rd Bomb. Group commanded by Colonel Elbert Helton of San Antonio, Texas. The group is a unit of the Third Air Division, the division which was cited by the President for its historic England-Africa shuttle bombing of Messerschmitt plants at Regensburg, Germany.

Lt. Phillips, a 1940 graduate of Boston Latin High School, was an apprentice toolmaker for the General Electric Company, Lynn, before entering the AAF in December, 1942. His wife, Mrs. Eunice Phillips, lives at 108 Talbot Avenue, Boston. He was trained in navigation at Selman Field, La., where he received his wings in June, 1944.



THE RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Jan. 15: Ye R.R.R. is sore! Yes, report cards are out; in fact, he ain't even goin' to say, "Well, here's another month, and here we go again, etc., etc., etc."

Jan. 16: Well, gee whiz! Dismissal at 1:30 because of snowstorm. School Committee getting soft?

Jan. 17: Asked where he was going next period, one of this year's cheerful cherubs (Class of '45) replied . . . "To Health with Mr. Cleary."

Jan. 18: Lt. Col. Leo Keefe came to ye R.R.R.'s rescue in the Pre-Induction training course today after some verrrry enightning? movies on Map Reading. His stories of the war and especially about Guam were most interesting.

Jan. 19: Five tests, and your jabbering journalist feels like the fifth partner in a game of Mahjong. And that's bad!!!

Jan. 22: Well, today we celebrate the birthday of that little man who cut down the cherry tree. Idaknow! I broke three windows, and they don't celebrate my birthday!! Oh, I just noticed we're a month ahead of time. Excuse it, please.

Jan. 23: Another false alarm today, and Class I still hasn't got their rings. Teeeeee. Sssss.

Jan. 24: Yearbook pictures, proms, class rings, class dues, ye R.R.R. is slowly going MAD!!!!

Jan. 25: Classes I and II were enlightened today by Colonel Penney about

the chain of command in the Army. Boy, as a corporal, I'm taking over this battalion!!

Jan. 26:

Pupil: Sir, did'j'a hear about the hole in the wall?

Teacher: No, what happened?

Pupil: Some crack!!

(No, Mr. Marson; put down that chair!!)

Jan. 29: Your raving writer today learned that by accentuating the positive and eliminating the negative in the Physics lab. you can get electrocuted!! So boy, don't mess with Mr. In Between!

Jan. 30: The Camera Club met today. Victims—back to the wall—had dues taken from them. So I'm broke for another week!!

Jan. 31: The Music Appreciation Club met today in Room 132. The motto, "Latch on to the affirmative and don't fence us in," was adopted by the group. Ha! ha! ha! Silly boy!

Feb. 1: The Dramatics Cub held trials today for the season's play. Sir, are you insisting that my acting isn't as good as that of Noel Coward?

Feb. 2: Groundhog Day; and ye R.R.R., not seeing his shadow this morning, crawled back into his hole and slept.

Feb. 5: Mr. Powers explained the system of points to Classes II and III today about entering college. Oh, well, I've got enough points to get into the College of Musical Knowledge.

Feb. 6: Today's bulletin proved to be gruesome. Your reporter was sick when he saw that he might have to sit through two periods of Declamation; but when he was informed that the old C.E.E.B.'s are around the corner, he had a complete collapse.

Feb. 7: Several officers of the M1 Safety Car were present today at a meeting of the Highway Safety Club; therefore, your keyhole-coverer was not present for reasons too numerous to mention.

Feb. 8: More movies on Map Reading today. Ya know, this stuff is starting to get boring. Zzz Yawn. . . . Starting, did you say?!!!

Feb. 9: Oh, you glorious New England weather!!! No school today because of snow!! Yahoo!!!

Feb. 12: The system of misdemeanor marks reached a new high level today as students forgot that the program of the missing day would be used. Ask ye R.R.R.; he can tell you.

Feb. 13: Drill! Drill! DRILL!! Why, do you know that ye R.R.R.'s company is getting so good that they almost know what "Left face" means?

Feb. 14: Ah, Valentine's Day, and ye R.R.R. received a message from his girl-friend. Love, love, love! Okay, so what if it did have a picture of a wolf on it?

Feb. 15: All boys wishing to apply to Cornell University see Mr. Dunn at once. Yamean dere's more afta dis??!!

Feb. 16: Uh, uh, uh, uh, at last. . . . 4 o'clock in the morning . . . and VACATION! Yipee! Yahoo!!

Feb. 19-25: Zzz . . . Proms . . . dates HOMELESSONS . . . yawn . . . oh! . . . Zzzzzzz.

Feb. 26: What teacher now at B.L.S. was once told by Captain Penney that he had the worst posture he had ever seen? We know, don't we, Doctor?

Feb. 27: No!! Take it away, it's blinding me!! If the boys wearing those NEW football sweaters are all on the football team, we should have a monster attendance at all games.

Feb. 28: Well, that bringer of bad cheer is here again!! If this keeps up there'll be a shortage of red ink!!

March 1: All worm diggers are invited to the meeting of a new club. All kidding aside, we wish the Horticultural Club the best of luck.

March 2: Oh, well; enough of this gibbering gibberish. That's all for now, folks; and remember, if you don't write, you're wrong!!

MUSIC

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Have you ever thought of music,
Of its charm and powerful sway:
How a lively tune can make men dance
And a hymn can make men pray?

You have heard a band play martial
airs;

You have seen men's mothers cry—
Those men who bravely march away
To foreign shores to die.



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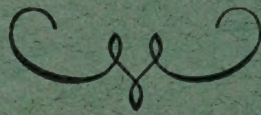
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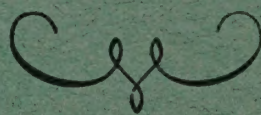
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